

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND." *Coroner.*



ENTER MISS KING.

THE SALE OF CALLOWFIELDS.

CHAPTER VII.

"In midst of plenty only to embrace
Calm patience is not worthy of your praise;
But he that can look sorrow in the face
And not be daunted, he deserves the bays.
This is prosperity, where'er we find
A heavenly solace in an earthly mind."

"Ah, saar!" cried the abbé, bursting into tears as Anthony King approached him.

No. 1189.—OCTOBER 10, 1874.

"But, my dear friend, listen to me," said Anthony.

"Oh no, good Monsieur Antoine, I cannot listen; I cannot be happy no more. Go, Monsieur Antoine, you have see a poor broken-heart man; too mush of trouble have quite kill my spirit!"

"No, no, my dear abbé, not so," said Anthony, much overcome; "you will get through this trouble, as I shall through mine."

"Your—your trouble! what is dat? dat is no more

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PRICE ONE PENNY.

dan a dust to mine!" cried the abbé, almost angry with the comparison.

"Nay; I have lost the prospect of a good post, and am now quite at sea again as to where I shall find bread; Cordell, too, his being away just now is a sad thing."

"Sad ting; it is all sad ting—*ver* sad. *Hélas!* I can never, never be happy again," said the abbé, renewing his lamentations.

"Your great ancestor, the Constable, forgot his defeats of Pavia and Dreux in the glories of St. Denis. It isn't like a Montmorenci to give way to despair."

"De Constable! bah! he has never been cheat and rob like me; he has never been walk and talk from morning till night for poor tree shilling and sixpence, and den for it all to be fly away wid."

"No; his troubles were not like yours; but I meant to comfort you by showing that as defeat and captivity, as you often have told us, were in his case succeeded by victory and glory—"

"Bah! glory!" interrupted the abbé, with great disgust; "he die of his wounds after St. Denis."

"Yes, but he conquered; glory was the aim of his life, and he died covered with glory."

"What is glory?" said the abbé. "I have no battle to fight; I do not want glory—I want—eh! my poor two thousand pound!" and again he burst into tears.

"I only wished to remind you of your name, de Montmorenci," said Anthony; "I thought that would inspire you with courage to bear your loss."

"You tought!" exclaimed the abbé, much excited; "you should tought better dan dat, if de wicked man dat has break his bank would say to me, 'Saar, you are of de noble family of de Montmorenci, you shall have back your two thousand pound,' den it would be one grand consolation. *Hélas!*" he cried, burying his face in his hands, as he felt that such a happy result was a fiction.

"I am so very sorry," said Anthony, who thought it better to wait till the first frenzy had passed.

"Bah!" exclaimed the abbé, through his fingers.

"Well, I must go and see how I may best remedy my own trouble, since you will not let me comfort you under yours," said Anthony, rising to leave him.

"Do not go, Monsieur Antoine, good Monsieur Antoine, I entreat you to pardon me. I have forget your goodness to come to de miserable! *Hélas!* what miserable I am," cried the abbé, with a despairing gesture.

Anthony, looking at him with the greatest kindness, resented himself.

This touched the heart of the poor abbé, who cried, "Ah! my good friend, you are my true friend; you come to me in my grief, and you—yes—I have not care for your grief; but it is a pity, I am sorry for you. I hope you shall soon have better dan dat you lose. *Hélas!* what can I do?" he exclaimed, relapsing into his own sorrows.

"I believe I shall have just what is best for me; I believe that whatever happens is for my good," said Anthony.

"For your good? Well, it may be; but I cannot say dat, Monsieur Antoine, no, I cannot."

"No, I wish you could; it would do more for you in helping you to bear it than all the Montmorenci blood in your veins, which, you see, won't help at all."

"It has happen for my good dat de bank has broken, and lose my two thousand pound!" ex-

claimed the abbé, much excited; "*ce monde est plein de fous, I am fool too mosh, but not dat fool. No, no, good Monsieur Antoine,*" he cried, with an hysterical little laugh.

"I believe it," said Anthony. "I have it on the best authority."

"You believe it? *What* you believe?" asked the abbé.

"Why, that God has permitted this loss for some wise and kind end, and that you will one day confess it."

"You believe *dat*?" said the abbé, rising on his tiptoes; "believe I shall say 'tank God' for de broken bank? Ha, ha! *No, Monsieur, I shall not pretend as God has broken de bank; it is a wicked tief has done it, and shall I say him tanks? Jamais!*"

"I do not want to offend you, nor to press unwelcome consolations on you, my dear friend. If you were a believer in this Book, you would see as I see, and we could join in praying that God would enable us to get all the good he intends for us in these trials. I assure you I am in as much need of it as you." As he spoke he drew out his Bible, in which he had frequently tried to interest the abbé, and turning to the epistle to the Hebrews read these words: "Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous: nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby."

The abbé shrugged his shoulders rather impatiently, but said nothing.

"And *here*, too, listen to this: 'He doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men,'" Anthony read, again, from the Lamentations.

"It is *ver* good, Monsieur Antoine; it is all *ver* good," said the abbé, coldly; "but I tink dere is nothing to do of God in my trouble; for why? I have been *ver* good man; I am not sinner like some tief dat breakens bank, and rob de poor. I am good and kind, and does no harm—ask my pupil, ask Madame Higgin, is it not?—and when I had saved my tree thousand I should have turn again to my own country, to my poor sister wid so many chick-unchile, and to my broder who is sick. Is it not good? God love de good, he shall punish de wicked; it is in de Bible!" he added triumphantly.

"What do you think of Job?" asked Anthony, determined not to give up.

"Job? what of him? He has not work hard for many year, and he cheat and steal of everyting," said the abbé, who was very ignorant of the Scriptures, and knew nothing of the patriarch's afflictions.

"Now listen to this," said Anthony, and he read the first and part of the second chapter of Job. To make it more forcible to the abbé, he translated it into French as he went on, getting many an involuntary correction from the little Frenchman.

"Job was a good man," said Anthony at the close, the abbé keeping silence; "and yet," continued Anthony, "God permitted his trials—*such* trials!—children, wealth, health, *all* taken away."

The abbé shrugged his shoulders, and looked musingly at the Bible.

"If we have Job's spirit to say, 'Blessed be the name of the Lord,' under our trials, don't you think it will be well for us? I'm sure there's nothing else will really carry us through."

"I have not got it, good Monsieur Antoine," said the abbé, with great simplicity; "I cannot say, 'I tank God to lose my two thousand pound;' it is not

here," laying his hand on his heart, "to say so, and I am not wicked man to tell lie."

"I repeat it, that I wish you could say it in truth," said Anthony; "I have no other comfort to offer you, it is the same I rest on for myself. I don't feel very lively just now, but I can wait and trust."

The abbé looked at him with something of his natural calmness, and made several inquiries concerning the loss of the post for which Anthony had with so much labour prepared himself.

"It is through no fault of others, through none of my own, so I am bound to believe it is a mere ordering of Providence, and that in some way a better provision is made for me. Meantime, I must look about and find work of some kind. Cordell's rooms being at liberty will spare me from paying rent, for I am sure I am welcome to them while he is away; and, if you like, you and I, until I have settled on something, will share expenses and board together."

At one time such a proposal would have given the abbé unmixed delight, for he was really fond of Anthony, but now he hesitated to embrace it.

"I do not know if I shall stay here, it is ver high price for poor man," he said, mournfully.

"You must live somewhere, and could hardly go to a cheaper lodging that would do for a gentleman."

"Aha, gentilhomme! What is *poor* gentilhomme? When I could say, 'I got'—but it is all over, I can no more say dat," replied the abbé, sorrowfully.

"You can, you *ought*; you need not care for any one; you can work; you are not laid on your bed covered with sores like Job, God has spared your health; you are known to be an excellent master, your pupils highly respect you, and you may easily recover a part of your loss, and lay by something for old age, when you can work no longer," said Anthony, firmly.

The abbé smiled for the first time, not very decidedly, but still a smile hovered round his lips.

"Well, Monsieur Antoine, you are my ver good friend," he exclaimed; "I tank you ver mush; I will try—I will try to be satisfy; I will tink about my work, my pupil—dere is two new pupil I have got."

"And now is the time to raise your terms," said Anthony.

"It is? Ver good! I shall not lose my pupil?" said the abbé, whose fears of such a result had kept him from the increased charge.

"Certainly not," said Anthony, "people prize dear things, depend on it."

After a short chat on the amount of the increase, Anthony, seeing his poor friend somewhat restored to his serenity, said he must go for an hour or two to inquire about a secretaryship which he believed to be gone, but which while a doubt remained he thought it wise to see after.

"Pauvre Monsieur Antoine!" said the abbé, kindly; "how compose you look; you are as happy to-day as when you had no trouble."

"This is the secret of peace," said Anthony: "Trust in the Lord with all thine heart, and lean not to thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths." Now I believe that, *honestly* believe it, so where's the wisdom of fretting?"

"Hah! you are good ver good, and Job was

good; I am not good like dat. No, I am good, but not as you and Job."

"I good! Not I, and Job was not good; There is none good but one, that is God," said Anthony; "his goodness is so great that he supplies our weakness out of his strength, and all our need out of his fulness."

"You have always say dat," said the little Frenchman, with a sigh; "I know it is true; God is good. I wish I love him like —" he was going to add, "you and Job," but he checked himself.

"He is the happiest who loves him best, I am sure of that, abbé," said Anthony; "godliness has the promise of this life as well as the next."

"Yes, yes," said the abbé; "den you shall have dinner to-day *here*? bien, I have some leetle fish, I shall make des rissoles—you like it garlie? Ver good, it is noting when der is no garlie. I will have our dinner in two hour from now," and Anthony assenting, departed.

"He has leave his book," said the abbé, taking up the Bible; "how he has learn it! It is ver good ting to know it! Hélas! Job has lose his money, and his goods, and is ver ill; bien, it is true. I am not ill; no, I can work, and I have raise my term. Well, well, where is my frypan? I must go buy some herb; but dere is my lesson of one hour to Monsieur Fisher, I shall prepare des rissoles when I come back, it is plenty time." Whereupon, going into his bedroom, he adjusted his dress and sprinkled a little fresh powder on his hair, then, brushing his hat, but very gently that he might not work off the nap, he took up his professional bag and natty little cane, and telling Mrs. Higgins he should be home in "one hour and leetle more," took his way to Fisher's lodgings.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Dear Ignorance,
How wealthy dost thou make thy owner's wit."
—Marston.

"MR. KING!" exclaimed Miss Kezia Millet, a lady who resided with Miss King as her companion, "we thought you must be far on your way to the odorous countries."

Miss Kezia Millet had not enjoyed the advantages of early schooling; she was the daughter of the captain of a trading vessel, who had married a distant connection of the King family; he had died during her infancy, and her mother having spent all her energies in obtaining the support of her children, had never been able to provide for their education. But they had struggled on, gathering as they could, here and there; they were all sharp-witted, and not disposed to throw away opportunities.

Kezia, the only girl, had not had the advantage of going out into the world, and by her own efforts obtaining access to book knowledge; she had been kept at home to help her mother in household and family work, until the gradual decline of her health added to Kezia's labours that of a nurse.

But she did not repine. She had not received those gifts which brighten the lot of the wealthy young, neither was she possessed of any remarkable talent which might enable her to rise through her difficulties to the state of a well-cultivated mind, but she had a spirit not easily daunted, and a happy insensibility to her deficiencies that made them very nearly unimportant to her.

Such books as came within her reach she had

availed herself of. Her reading had certainly been of a very unconnected kind; she sometimes read first what ought to have come last, and *vice versa*, yet, like the chips and bits in the kaleidoscope, her information thrown together made a very pretty appearance to her when she surveyed it, and she was on the whole quite satisfied with her attainments.

Miss King had no natural taste for poor relations, and if Kezia had not been, by a small property that fell to her after her mother's death, independent, though not rich, she would never have had an invitation to reside with her.

But there was a sprightly manner about Kezia, and she was a good housekeeper, and knew the value of money, and she was a good nurse—so Miss King, shaping her action by her usual rule of self, determined to have her.

"Yes, I will go to her; she is getting into years, and one ought to stand by one's relations." This was Kezia's view when consenting to the arrangement.

It was some time before the two ladies settled down into "amicable relations," as the newspapers say. Miss King was too fond of acting the great lady, and Kezia was equally fond of showing that they were *cousins*, and that there was equality as well as fraternity; moreover, she constantly brought a blush on Miss King's face, by her very remarkable eccentricities of pronunciation—always selecting her longest words to perform upon in the company of their most honourable guests.

Oftentimes, when Kezia was rejoicing in the brilliant effect her conversation was producing, her dignified cousin was smarting under the ridicule which she knew it must provoke.

With these remarks we may now proceed with Miss Millet's conversation with Anthony King, who, as she stated in the opening of this chapter, was supposed by her and his aunt to be "on his way to the odoriferous countries."

Anthony, after premising that he had been disappointed in his plans, inquired if he could see his aunt.

"My cousin is, let us say, out of spirits this morning," replied Kezia, with a look indicating that "spirits" meant "temper."

"I must see her," said Anthony, calmly; "I have very particular business to speak about."

"I think she is hardly up to particular business this morning, Mr. King; between ourselves let it be—she has not quite got over a call from her Phoenix, Mr. Caleb Case."

"Has he brought any distressing intelligence?" inquired Anthony.

"Mr. King," said Kezia, oracularly, and holding up her finger, "that man is not the man he goes for; you may take my word for it. He is—well, it is best to be cautious, so I'll say nothing more than this, that he's the veriest old double-face that ever came into a house. *Him* a Phoenix! Why, as I tell my cousin, it is to be hoped if he is, another like him won't rise out of his ashes."

"But what has he been about to-day that he has so disturbed my aunt?" inquired Anthony, diverted with his new acquaintance.

"How can I tell? Don't you know mischief is always done in the dark? As sure as he comes—the old *interpolator*!—I am turned out of the room; and as sure as he goes, I have a good will to *keep out* of it, for he leaves my cousin so puffed up, so full of her-

self, and so ill-conditioned, that though I'm very sociable, to tell you the truth (between you and me, let it be), I like my own company the best."

"Then you don't think Mr. Case came on any special business of an unpleasant nature?" asked Anthony, whose thoughts naturally reverted to Callowfields.

"Not I. I only know that when he was gone my cousin ordered the servant to be careful not to let any one in who might call, if he gave the name of Firebrace."

"Ah, it is so then," said Anthony.

"So! how?" inquired Kezia, who had a great taste for information, and was as much agrieved by the fact of her never being allowed as an auditor in Mr. Case's visits, as at the evil effect they produced.

"My aunt," replied Anthony, "has, through Mr. Case, I should think, taken an unwarrantable prejudice against Mr. Firebrace. He is a man of the highest character, and would not wrong a living being."

"I dare say, I dare say. I know the name quite well. I was reading it in a book of old family *annals*, the other day; it is distantly connected with the King family," said Kezia.

"Yes, my mother bore that name," replied Anthony.

"To be sure, so she did; *we*, the Millets, are connected through the mother's side. I think the Firebrace family (let it be between you and me, Mr. King) beats the Kings."

"Very likely," said Anthony, laughing; "*me* especially."

"It is a fine old Episcopalian family," continued Kezia, "noted many ways. There was, for instance, a Sir Henry Firebrace in the reign of King Charles, who was recommended by the Archbishop of—I forget whether it was York or Canterbury, but I know he was *metropolitan*."

"Juxon?" asked Anthony, who well knew the story, and was surprised that she should do so.

"Ahem! yes," said Kezia, at a venture, not quite up in her lesson, and afraid she should forget the rest before she had time to finish it; but Anthony interrupted her, saying,

"Yes, I remember, he was an attached servant to Charles I, and served in an honourable station under his son, through Juxon's memorial. My friend, Cordell, is a side branch of that same family."

"And a very respectable family it is; and what has this young man done to be *anthematized* by Mr. Case?" said Kezia, looking almost martial with indignation as she spoke.

"He has tried to befriend me," said Anthony, "and it is about the business that he is engaged in. I would gladly see my aunt."

"Well, Mr. King, if you are ruled by me, you will take another opportunity; but if you insist, I will go and tell her you wish for a little conversation."

"Perhaps—perhaps—I had better defer. I don't know, if as you say she is not in a kind spirit, I am no courtier."

"You will find her *implaceable*," said Kezia, resting strongly on the last word.

"Then I shall do no good," said Anthony. "Suppose, Miss Millet, I gave the particulars to *you*, you could give them to my aunt at a favourable moment, and I am sure you will do it in all good faith."

Kezia sprang at the offer. She hoped she knew what good faith meant. Anthony might trust her,

and she would select the most auspicious moment for her commission.

Kezia loved business. Living with "my cousin," though it had its advantages, was dreadfully dull work, and she had a natural antipathy to stagnation. She liked, too, to be of consequence. After one of Mr. Case's visits, she was made to feel that she was of none at all; and now to be entrusted with a stirring business, one, too, that required good faith and discretion to discharge, was a delightful opening in the mist; so, drawing her chair close to Anthony, she listened in every fibre, as he laid before her the story he had vainly hoped to lay before his aunt.

"Mr. King," she exclaimed, when he concluded, "I believe you to be a very injured man."

"Unfortunate," said Anthony; "some get rougher seas than others."

"Injured," repeated Kezia; "I have had many and many a *lubrication* on the subject, and I have told my cousin more than once that you ought not to be driven to emigrate when your own father's sister is as rich as *Creases*."

"I would not mind emigrating," said Anthony, "if I could do it; but whatever plan I enter on, something arises that turns me back in it; directly I look at an open door it shuts in my face."

"And what does that show?" said Kezia. "Why, that you are not to go out of your proper sphere of life (let it be between you and me, Mr. King), but your aunt *must* come to a proper view of your rights, and deal by you as being of her own flesh and blood."

"If she would spare us a lawsuit, and yield to what seems to be plainly justice," said Anthony, "I would not ask for bounty from her; that small estate would amply suffice for all my wants, and enable me to help a friend in need."

"Worthy of your name, Mr. King; in short, you can say with the poet—

"Enough I reckon wealth,
A mean, the surest lot,
That lies too high for base contempt,
'Too low for envy's shot.'"

"Yes," said Anthony, "and I can go on and say—

"My wishes are but few,
All easy to fulfil;
I make the limits of my power
The bounds unto my will."

"I have no hopes but one,
Which is of heavenly reign,
My motto is, Thy will be done,
So I Thy kingdom gain."

"Ah," said Kezia, thoughtfully, when he had ceased, "it's a sweet little poem that; are you fond of the poets, Mr. King?"

"Those that I understand; plain sense like that I like very much."

"So do I, so do I," said Kezia. "That little piece is in a book that I had when I was a girl; but although it is a pretty piece enough, I don't think I could say the whole of it through, *not to mean it*, could you?"

"Yes I can," said Anthony; "in some measure at least."

"I wish I could," said Kezia, as, looking steadily into his face, she read there a confirmation of his words.

"You can if you will," said Anthony; "wishes are too often excuses."

"What! say I have no hopes but one? Dear Mr. King, I should be telling ever such a story. I hope all manner of things now and then. Not that I am discontented, but somehow there is nothing so pleasant in the pleasantest life but what one might wish to better it."

"But the poet here speaks of a hope which reigns above all earthly desires and cares," said Anthony; "one so sublime, so strong, so sweet, that when it does in truth take hold on the heart, it is amazing how it subdues it, so that for earthly things, as it is written, we are made able to 'weep as though we wept not, and to rejoice as though we rejoiced not.' You know such learning is the work of a life."

"Ah, *that's* a state," said Kezia, intimating by a long shake of the head that it was attainable by very few, if any, and certainly not by her.

"It is the state of every true Christian, more or less," said Anthony. "Some, indeed, forget their privileges, and allow the good seed in their hearts to be choked with the cares and riches of this life. Foolish souls they are, for what can this life give that is worthy to be compared with heavenly glory?"

"Ah!" said Kezia, with a sigh, looking down and folding her hands on her knee, as Anthony repeated—

"I have no hopes but one,
Which is of heavenly reign,
My motto is, Thy will be done,
So I Thy glory gain."

"In the right sense you will own that our friend the poet speaks the truth, and that we may truly use his words without any bombast or sentiment."

"Here is Miss King!" said Kezia, starting up, as that lady entered the room.

OF WIT AND HUMOUR.

HE must have a poor conception of wit who sits down to define it. The man who was asked to define beauty replied well, that this was the question of a blind man. Childe Harold's criticism of the Venus of Medici is the best on that subject:

"Away! there needs no words nor terms precise,
The paltry jargon of the marble mart
Where Pedantry gulls Folly—we have eyes,
Blood, pulse, and breath confirm the Dardan shepherd's prize."

It is the same with wit. To write a dissertation on it is to imply that we have no true sense of its subtle elastic nature. It is something that we cannot fix, but is like one of those compounds in chemistry which are never found in their elementary state, but are only to be tested by some similar reagent. It is wit finds out wit, as when Greek meets Greek, and then comes the tug of war. It flashes out in intellectual word combat. The truest wit, like that of Shakespeare, is the fire struck out when a Benedick crosses swords with a Beatrice, a Mercutio with a Benvolio, a Speed with a Launce. What the quintessence of the old chemists was, that wit is to the other qualities of mind. Sir J. Davies, in his great poem on the "Immortality of the Soul," has struck off as good a definition of wit as we know:

"Who can in memory, or wit, or will,
Or air, or earth, or water find?
What alchemist can draw with all his skill
The quintessence of these out of the mind."

Where others have failed we shall not repeat the attempt. Dr. Barrow's interminable definition of wit is too well known to need quotation, but it illustrates by its Brobdingnagian length and diffuseness what Charles II said of Barrow's sermons, that he was the most unfair preacher he ever listened to, for he left nothing to be said by others.

The mistake of all the definitions of wit that we have met with lies in this, that they confound the accidents with the essentials. Wit is the lightning flash which leaps out when two clouds come together—it is followed by the rumbling report and the pattering rain-drops; but these are its concomitants, not the thing itself. The report assists us to measure the distance at which we are from the cloud itself, but this is all. True wit is spontaneous; the source of laughter in others, it seldom laughs itself. One of the wittiest men we ever knew flashed off his jokes in this natural way; it was the manner of Swift. He was an Irishman, and we once travelled with him by express from Bath to London. One of his companions was a slow and matter-of-fact Saxon, somewhat of a Boswell—fond of good company, but certainly neither witty himself, nor the occasion of wit in others. Indeed, his discernment of our friend's jokes became to us a kind of time-table as good as "Bradshaw" itself, and far more trustworthy. As the report travels after the lightning flash, so peals of laughter in the Box tunnel assured us that the Bath jokes had entered that thick cranium, and so it was all the rest of the journey. It was a five miles interval throughout between the Celtic wit and the Saxon appreciation of it. We were never more struck with the differences of mind than with the sudden ebullitions of fancy in the one case, and the patient, plodding determination to find out what it all meant in the other. They were excellent companions and sworn friends, but the one was certainly a foil to the other. Thunder and Lightning, as we called the stout party and his facetious friend, parted company with us at Paddington, and we have not seen them since. Mercutio, that prince of wit whom Shakespeare killed, as the critics say, or else Mercutio would have killed him, came nearer a definition of wit in his account of Queen Mab's chariot, with its "waggon spokes made of long spinners' legs, the traces of the smallest spider's web, the collars of the moonshine's watery beams, the whip of cricket's bone, the lash of film," and she herself "no bigger than an agate stone on the forefinger of an alderman." Wit is thus, to continue Mercutio's description, like dreams

"Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain phantasy,
Which is as thin of substance as the air,
And more inconstant than the wind."

We should despair of defining wit in any other way than this. It is the Queen Mab of mind, the fairies' dance in the ring, and we must be discreet about it. "Those fairy favours," as Dryden well remarks of true wit, "are lost when not concealed."

We are not going then to lift the veil of Isis, or disclose the mysteries of this Bona Dea. To take the reader into the laboratory and describe the manufacture of wit would be like Virgil's attempt to describe the way in which the Cyclops forged the bolts of Jove—"tres torti imbres," three twisted showers, etc. Burke, on the "Sublime and Beau-

tiful," selects this as the perfection of *chiaro-scuro*, but to our mind the thunderbolt is just as intelligible without this blacksmith's apparatus of forges and anvils underneath *Zetua* to account for a flash in the skies. It is the same with wit. If it can be manufactured it is not true wit. It is no kindness to true wit to let us into the craft and mystery of how it is struck off. If the truth were known, the best things are those which are let off, as it were, by accident. A bull is not exactly a witty saying, it is in fact a witticism spoilt—the *amphora* on the wheel that comes out a common pipkin. But as the best *amphora* (to use Horace's simile) is only a well-formed pitcher, so the best jokes have not seldom sprung out of some slip of the tongue, some confusion of metaphor, out of which the mind has stumbled into a happy thought. To quote instances would seem unfair to the professional wit, yet without an instance the reader would scarcely credit us how closely related (to use a well-known alliteration) blundering and plundering are to each other. Few wits have the magnanimity to confess that their best inventions are mostly finds. As Sam Slick tells us the story of his hitting the bottle by a chance shot on board ship, and earning the reputation of a dead shot for the rest of the voyage, which he applies to explain his success in the "Clockmaker," Charles Lamb in the same way stammered into an excellent pun, which he never would have hit off if he had meant to be witty. Some one was complaining of the Duke of Cumberland's coolness of manner. "Yes, but you forget," said Charles Lamb, "he is the Duke of Cu-cu-cumber-land." It was his stammering speech which helped him to slice the cucumber so neatly, and it showed no little candour in Lamb to confess that the joke was a happy accident.

There is no more curious instance of the part being taken for the whole than the modern use of the word wit. It is degraded in modern English as the word *esprit* or *spirituel* is in modern French. "What are the Lords spirituel?" Madame de Staël asked when in England: "Are they so named because more witty than other lords?" The lively Frenchwoman, who was certainly not passing a joke on the right reverend bench, could not understand *spirituel* except in the secondary and degraded sense to which it has sunk in modern French. It is the same with wit in English. Its original use is as a synonym for wisdom. Wit is the *act*, and wisdom the *state* of knowing. *Witan* to know, with its preterite *wit* (of which we suppose the Scotch *wat* is a kind of supine), had two forms, to wiss, and to weet. Thus there sprung up the two derivative nouns, wit and wisdom; wit is what is only weeted, wisdom is what is wissed. In both cases it was the thing known and the fact that we knew it—to know, and to know that we know, marking two distinct stages of intelligence. Men rose in this way from wit to wisdom. Every wise man was witty, though every witty man was not wise. Even in modern English we have not quite lost this proper sense of wit. We speak of a man at his wits' end, of a man living by his wits. In Shakespeare the five wits are spoken of as we use the term our five senses. Thus Mercutio says, in "Romeo and Juliet:"—

"Take our good meaning, for our judgment sits
Five times on that, ere once in our five wits."

So again in "Much Ado about Nothing:" "Alas!

in our last conflict four of his five wits went halting off, and now is the whole man governed by one."

How it came about that "blessed common sense, that rarest gift of heaven," lost the name of wit, and fancy, that impertinent wild-goose spirit, usurped the whole use of the word to itself, has never been made clear. It was comparatively late, however, in the history of the language. When we speak of the wits of Queen Anne's reign, we do not mean the humourists merely (we shall have to speak of that word by-and-by). The phrase includes the men who were both wise and witty. If Addison was a wit in the modern sense of the word, he was certainly something more. Dick Steele was a wit and little else; so was Arbuthnot; but Pope and Dryden, Addison and Swift, were wits who would be remembered if all their jibes and quips of fancy were as dead as those of poor Yorick. The professional wit, the modern joker of small jokes rehearsed at dinner tables, and then dressed up for our comic journals, had not then come into existence. The modern wit is the sausage-maker *redivivus* of Aristophanes' play. He is a *farceur*, or stuffer (this is the meaning of the word), who stuffs a thin bladder of fancy with snips and cuttings from old puns and plays on words, and passes off his old Joe Millers on us as new wares. There is too much of this base metal of wit among us. We often ask ourselves who are the people and what their conception of true wit can be like, who buy the jest-books and take in the weekly comic journals which abound in our day. It must be because we are a practical people, and so entirely prosaic in daily life, that we can find amusement out of such sorry stuff. Swift and Defoe were genuine wits, but how few now read Swift's "Meditations on a Broomstick," or Defoe's account of the "Apparition of Mrs. Veal." To mention these is to put to the blush the *farceurs* of our comic press, the collectors of stale jokes in our popular jest-books.

But enough of wit in general. It has sunk low enough when it has descended to the manufacture of puns. The sausage-making machine from which our comic press procures its weekly supply of fun, is a poor substitute for that ethereal compound of thought and fancy which in better days deserved the name of wit. The ethereal element of wit which is wanting in these base imitations of it is humour, and to this we now come. Humour and wit have been often contrasted, but to our mind they are only different sides of the same thing. Humour is the fountain out of which wit flows; the one is the oil and the other the well, and no amount of pumping will cause the oil to flow till the real spring is tapped. According to Professor Bain, humour is simply the laughable degradation of an object without malice, in a genial, kindly, good-natured way, and wit is an ingenious and unexpected play on words. According to this definition, humour "involves an element of the subjective." When we call a writer humorous, we have regard to the spirit of his ludicrous degradation; we imply that he is good-natured and bears no malice. When we call a writer witty, we have regard simply to the cleverness of his expression; he may be sarcastic as Swift, or humorous, like Steele. The proper antithesis to humour is satire—wit is common to both.

This is true as far as it goes, but it does not reach the root of the distinction. To understand humour, we must go back, as in the case of wit, to its true etymology. It is, as the word implies, a metaphor, from a medical theory which held undisputed sway

of the profession from Galen to Cullen and Hoffmann. Till Galen's time there were humourists and solidists, and the theory of disease fluctuated between the two. But Galen adopted the humoral theory, and this decided the course of the profession, with a few exceptions, down to our own day, when the foundations of a sound pathology have been laid at last in the exact science of physiology. These humours were four—blood, phlegm, choler, and lymph—and according to their mixture the temperament was said to be sanguineous, phlegmatic, bilious, or lymphatic. This nomenclature of diseases, from their supposed seat in the juices of the body, not only suggested a wrong theory of medicine, and let loose on the world the Sangrados who lanced and leeches as if blood-letting were the only door through which to expel disease—the humoral theory went farther; it infected our popular language. "Every man in his humour," as in Ben Jonson's play, was supposed to derive his character from the commixture of the four fluids. A false physiology suggested a wrong psychology, and humour, as it was called, became another name for character. All the oddities of human nature were accounted for by the action of the phlegm on the blood, of the lymph on the bile. Grave and reverend divines, like Burton, went into the anatomy of melancholy on these absurd physiological principles, and whoever wants to consult a repertory of *ana* on the oddities of humour need not go beyond the pages of "Burton's Anatomy." A humourist thus became a phrase for one who conducts himself by his own fancy, who gratifies his own humour. What we should call in modern phrase an original or an eccentric character our forefathers described as a humourist. Bacon and Shakespeare speak of the peccant humours of the state to be purged or cut off, as the case might be. So late as Addison we find the "humourist in religion" described as "one who keeps to himself much more than he wants, and gives his superfluities to purchase heaven." Humour is thus character in action, and is thus contrasted with wit, which is simply intellect in action.

Sprat, in his "History of the Royal Society," touches on this characteristic of humour and its connection with intellect. "Extraordinary men," he says. "of all ages are generally observed to be the greatest *humourists*; they are so full of the sweetness of their own conceptions that they become morose when they are drawn from them." This is an excellent description, and touches off a well-known failing of men of humour. It is all very well to indulge their own vein of pleasantry, but it is nothing to them if they fail to carry others with them. Foote, the actor, was a humourist of this kind. Acting one night, and convulsing the whole house by his bursts of drollery, he observed a solid-looking countryman, with clenched jaws and leaden eye, as if he could not take in what it all meant. The applause of the entire house was nothing to Foote as long as this rustic sat on unmoved. At last, losing all patience, he went up to the footlights, leaned over, and bellowed like an ox in the face of the bucolic. Thus he touched the chord of sympathetic mirth. The clod of the valley now understood him, and burst out into peals of laughter. The humourist had carried his point—he had created a *rapproch* between himself and the stupidest man in the house; like Wamba, the gooseherd and jester, he was driving his entire flock before him, not one of the flock was straying, and so Foote was happy. Of Foote, Johnson had a

mortal aversion, as well as contempt, because Foote had ridiculed Johnson; but even the doctor could not resist this supreme humourist. The first time he was in company with Foote was at Fitzherbert's. "Having no good opinion of the fellow, I was resolved," Johnson says, "not to be pleased—and it is very difficult to please a man against his will. I went on eating my dinner pretty sullenly, affecting not to mind him, but the dog was so very comical that I was obliged to lay down my knife and fork, throw myself back upon my chair, and fairly laugh it out. No, sir; he was irresistible."

Humourist as he was, Foote did not like the laugh to be turned against himself. On one occasion, as Boswell tells us, in a note to his "Life of Johnson," this took place. "When Mr. Foote was at Edinburgh he thought fit to entertain a numerous Scotch company, with a good deal of coarse jocularly at the expense of Dr. Johnson, imagining it would be acceptable. I felt this as not civil to me, but sat by patiently till he had exhausted his merriment on that subject, and then observed that surely Johnson must be allowed to have some sterling wit, and that I had heard him say a very good thing of Mr. Foote himself. 'Ah! my old friend Sam,' cried Foote, 'the man says bitter things; let us have it.' Upon which I told the story in which Johnson resembled Foote to a dog that has no power of comparing, and snatches a small piece of meat in the same way as a large. Foote in the same way thought superficially, and seized the first notions which occurred to his mind. Upon that," Boswell adds, "I never saw Foote so disconcerted. He looked grave and angry, and entered into a serious refutation of the justice of the remark. 'What, sir!' said he, 'talk thus of a man of liberal education, a man who for years was at the University of Oxford—a man who has added sixteen new characters to the drama of his country!'"

Humour is then, as the name implies, a certain waywardness of character. It is a river, but one that glideth at its own sweet will, and it becomes chafed and angry if any one tries to dam it up, or to bend it out of its own course. As in medicine, there were the rival schools of the humourists and the solidists; so in mind, there are the men of fancy and the men of fact, the latter the solidists, to whom things are as they appear—a yellow primrose is a yellow primrose, and it is nothing more—the latter, the humourists, brimming over with fancy, steeping all things in the rich hues of their imagination, and giving a fresh colour to life, such as it never had before, but which we instinctively recognise as true. There was humour, for instance, in Turner's bold remark when some one observed that he had never seen such sunsets as Turner put on canvas—"Don't you wish you could see them," thus throwing back the objection with the retort that we must bring imagination in order to see nature as she is. It was a profound thought of Keats.

We have only to remark, in conclusion, that the quality of true wit is like mercy, in that it is not strained. If it does not flow, it must not be forced. Puns for wit, and mannerism for humour, are alike imitations so bad that the only punishment for the wretch who inflicts them on us is, that he should be left to laugh alone at his own jokes. As to the lower forms of facetiousness, charades, and so forth, I shall say nothing of such unpardonable trumpery. "If charades are made at all," as Sydney Smith observed, "they should be made without benefit of

clergy; the offender should instantly be hurried off to execution, and be cut off in the middle of his dullness without being allowed to explain to his executioner why his first is like his second, or what is the resemblance between his fourth and his ninth." But there is one thing more intolerable than the punner of puns, the riddler of riddles, and the chatterer of charades, or chatterations, as the Neapolitan phrase charade implies. It is the fast young man who, on the strength of a ready tongue and a copious command of slang, sets up for a wit. "Do you know, sir," said some one of this kind to Dean Swift, "that I have set up for a wit?" "Then, young man, take my advice," was the Dean's reply, "and sit down again." This is our parting advice to the young man who mistakes smartness for wit. If true wit be only nature to advantage dressed, the farther we go from nature the farther we stray from the true fountain of wit. Let old Fuller give us a parting word of advice on this subject: "To clothe low creeping matter with high-flown language, is not fine fancy, but flat foolery. It rather lowers than raises the wren to fasten the feathers of an ostrich to her wings. Some men's speeches are like the high mountains in Ireland having a dirty bog on the top of them; the very ridge of them in high words having nothing of worth but what rather stales than delights the auditor."

THE MANDARIN'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER XXIV.—SAILING UP THE YANG-TSZE KIANG.

EARLY in the morning the mandarin and the emissary were astir, and went on shore to purchase some necessaries and comforts for the voyage. The scenery at this reach of the Yang-tsze Kiang is of much interest and beauty, rarely surpassed by river scenes in any part of the world. Meng-kee was a man who appreciated the beauties of nature, and made for a neighbouring elevation of the ground to survey the country. Moreover, the associations of his youth were connected with its features where he had rambled over hill and dale, by stream and lake, with his college companions during the days of relaxation from study. Many years had passed away since he had seen the spot, and he was naturally anxious to see if any change had taken place in its aspect during the contentions of the Taipings and Imperialists.

There he beheld unchanged the broad flood of the great "Son of the Ocean," rolling along majestically to the sea, with its deep volume of water more than a mile in width. Looking down the river, he saw the picturesque form of Silver Island, with its quaint temples embowered in autumnal foliage, their white walls gleaming in the rays of the morning sun, and the island itself cleaving the waters near the mid-channel, so as to form an eddying torrent on each side, the dread of all navigators. On the other hand, looking up the stream he saw Golden Island, celebrated for its pictorial charms, the peculiar sanctity of its temples and pagoda, erected in ancient times by the disciples of Koong-foo-tsze (Confucius), Lao-kien, and, Fo. These islands appeared much the same as he had often seen them before, and so did the swelling hills on the opposite bank of the river. But alas! the flourishing city of Chin-Keang, which had formerly covered the site with more than

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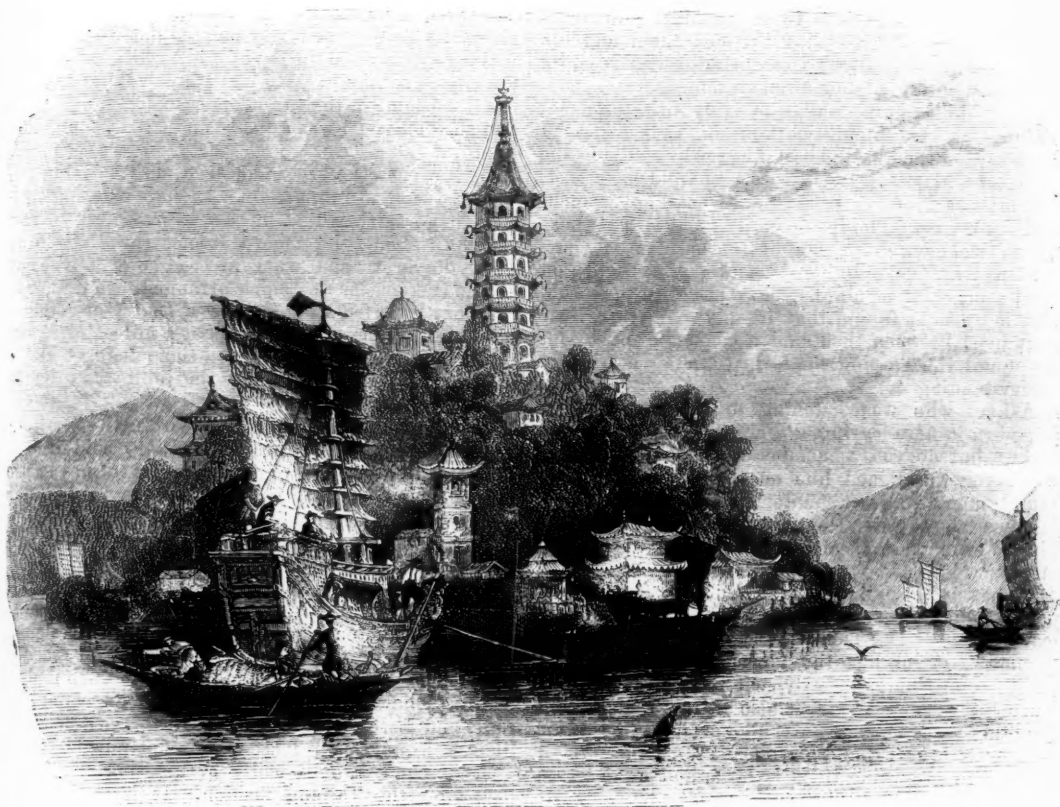
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fifty thousand houses, shops, and public buildings! Now the slopes of the hills were strewn with the debris of that once populous and wealthy emporium of commerce, and only a few wretched-looking inhabitants could be seen in the suburb.

"There is another example of devastation," the mandarin remarked to his companion. "Is that the work of your chiefs, who wish to turn the country into a Heavenly Kingdom of Great Peace. To me it looks more like as if they were making a *Hellish Kingdom of Great Misery*."

encountered one of the "monster fire junks," as the natives call them—a British man-of-war, with the naval commander-in-chief on board, who was on his return from Nanking, after having a parley with the Taiping chiefs, who engaged not to fire on any vessels passing the city if they hoisted a distinctive foreign flag.

As the noble frigate *Imperieuse* passed down the winding reach every eye was fixed upon her until she passed out of view. Cut-sing was the first to venture upon a remark.



ON THE YANG-TSZE KIANG.

"You are unjust, honourable sir!" was the emissary's rejoinder. "The destruction you see was chiefly done by the 'imps,' who attacked the city on all sides by land and water, throwing in fire-balls which set fire to the buildings, and slaying every one, friend or foe, who endeavoured to escape from the conflagration."

Meng-kee doubted the accuracy of this statement, as he had heard that when the town was first taken by the insurgents they set fire to the temples and images, which spread among the houses, and rendered a great number of the people destitute. However, he thought it best to say no more about it, and without any further remark led the way into Kwa-chow. After making their purchases they returned to the boat, which was unmoored without delay, and sailed up the Yang-tsze Kiang with a favouring breeze. They had not gone far when they

"Ah!" said he, "if we could only get these foreigners to join our cause, with their war-ships, sailors, and soldiers, then should we be able to conquer the Manchoo Emperor and his Tartar forces, and restore the ancient Chinese rule over the Taiping Tien Kwo."

"I agree with you," responded Meng-kee, "and think it strange that the alliance of the idolatrous Manchooes should be preferred by them to that of the iconoclastic Taipings, who profess the same Christian religion as themselves. This anomalous policy is to me a matter of earnest thought, and I shall make it my study to understand it thoroughly, so that in the event of coming into communication with the foreign authorities, I may be able to argue the question on all its points."

"Honourable sir, that is just what I have said to the Kang Wang, my superior in office, when I men-

tioned that you were going to join us, for your qualifications as a mandarin had taught you wisdom in discussing such matters with foreigners, especially as you were a member of the church at Peking, which teaches their creed. Now if you can use your talents in persuading the foreign chiefs to assist us if they think ours a righteous cause, or if not to remain perfectly neutral, then will you obtain high rank and emoluments in the Tien Wang's Government."

These flattering remarks were congenial to Meng-kee, who was naturally ambitious of high command. Consequently he resolved to turn his knowledge of foreign policy to account in endeavouring to negotiate a treaty of friendship between them and his new masters, that might supersede the one recently concluded with his late administration.

"My abilities are small," he said, with the usual Chinese affected humility, "but in that respect I have turned them to the best account by studying the manners and customs of the foreigners I have met, and making inquiry into their systems of government and commerce. The result in my mind is that those whom we have been taught to consider as 'barbarians' are an enlightened and polite people, at least their chief men are. They are open to reason, and it appears to me that it only requires a little argument between them and a competent envoy for them and the Taiping chiefs to come to a friendly understanding."

A-Lee, who was listening to the conversation, joined in it here, saying, "Father, I think you are right; but do you remember what Ca-me-la said, when you questioned him on the subject, that his countrymen would not countenance the Taiping chiefs because they were ignorant upstarts, or 'coolie kings,' who were incapable of forming a government?"

"That is false," exclaimed Cut-sing, losing his usual equanimity of temper. "Our chiefs are learned men. The Tien-wang is not only a learned scholar, but he has the power of prophecy, and possesses attributes directly sent from heaven. My master, the Kang Wang, is also a great scholar, and the other wangs (kings) are all men of superior intelligence, bravery, and learning. What the foreign officer said regarding them is false, and he deserves to be punished for having spoken so."

This exhibition of bad temper elicited a rebuke from Meng-kee, which made him see his error in disturbing the harmony of their conversation, so he made most humble apologies to father and daughter. It was evident that he was as much annoyed at the mention of my name by A-Lee as by the remark upon the low origin of the Taiping leaders.

By this time the day was well advanced, and the breeze had freshened. The bamboo sails were well filled, and they sailed rapidly, passing the districts of E-ching and Luh-ho, which had frequently been the scene of Taiping incursions. These formerly flourishing agricultural districts had suffered severely. Most of the farmsteads were deserted, and the fields were covered with rank weeds. Few of the inhabitants were seen, and they were chiefly old men and women, the younger branches of the family having been forced into the service of their new taskmasters under a species of remunerative bondage. Altogether the aspect of the country was desolate, and fast returning to a condition of savage nature. Wild birds and beasts now roamed through the tangled brush-

wood, where previous to the Taiping rebellion poultry and domestic animals, nourishing an industrious community, were abundant.

The country through which our travellers were now passing was of a mountainous—even of a romantic—character. The hills in the distance rose to a height of many thousand feet, and formed irregular ranges, with valleys in deep shadow, and had their crests glowing in the rays of the setting sun. In the foreground the hills were of a more isolated form, appearing like islands on the wide plain through which the waters of the Yang-tsze flowed in a majestic current towards the ocean, which, however, was still two hundred miles distant. Looking up the river, the Taiping emissary pointed out what he said was a pagoda upon the top of a hill which overlooked the city of Nanking. He had scarcely done so when the last beams of the sun dropped below the horizon, and the landscape was quickly merged in the shades of night.

By this time the breeze had become very faint, and soon it dwindled into a calm. As there was no necessity to go farther that night, it was agreed that the junk should be moored along the river bank until daylight, and then proceed on its voyage. While this matter was being arranged, the master of the boat reported that he saw a *lorcha*, or foreign-built craft, lying at anchor about a mile ahead, and that it was advisable to keep a short distance astern of the stranger. Accordingly the junk was brought to her moorings.

As the party had now arrived within the territory under Taiping dominion, the emissary said it was necessary to alter their dress, according to that in use among their friends, as distinguished from the Tartar costume. For this purpose the trunks brought from Kwa-chow were opened and their contents distributed.

These were of cotton fabrics for the crew, and silk for the passengers. They were all of bright colours, yellow predominating. The ex-mandarin attired himself in a flowered crimson silk robe that reached to his heels and concealed his ordinary garb underneath. The emissary donned a yellow-flowered silk tunic and loose red trousers. A-Lee wore a flowered lilac satin tunic, with loose trousers of purple silk.

Then came the difficulty of dressing the men's hair after the Taiping fashion. It is well known that the Tartars introduced the style of shaving the forehead and gathering the back hair into a tail. Before this the Chinese wore it naturally, without clipping or shaving, and with them the hair grows lower on the forehead than with any other race; in such abundance, indeed, as to form a hairy turban when twisted round the head. The Taipings considered that the innovation of the Tartar tail was a badge of subjection on their pure descent, so they restored the ancient custom as a symbol of their hatred to the Manchoo rule. Hence they were commonly called *chang-maou*, signifying "long-haired" men. Of course our adventurers could not display a full growth of hair, but they shook the plaits out of their tails, and twisted them round the shaved part of their heads, over which an orange-coloured piece of silk or calico was worn. This gave them a most picturesque appearance, similar to the old costume of turbaned Turks.

In enforcing this habit upon their adherents the Taiping leaders had a double object in view. It was easily distinguished from the sombre black and blue

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of their enemies, thereby preventing them running away, when they would be sure to be taken prisoners and decapitated; while by the adoption of yellow, which is the imperial colour of the Manchoo dynasty, they brought the sacred symbol of the emperor into common use.

Having arranged these matters to the satisfaction of Cut-sing, preparatory to entering the precincts of Taipingdom, both passengers retired to rest.

A-Lee felt somewhat restless, which she attributed to the excitement of the day and the prospects of the morrow. At length she fell into a fitful slumber, from which she was awakened by hearing strange voices close to the side of the cabin where her head lay. At first she imagined that it was only some of the boatmen conversing during their watch on deck. But as she listened, and the voices spoke in whispers, she became convinced that they uttered a foreign language. Above her head there was a small pane of glass, to which she raised herself up and peeped into the night. It was partial moonlight, which enabled her to see the forms of several men clambering up the side of the junk from a boat alongside. She remained perfectly still and listened.

The drowsy boatmen, who had been asleep on watch, were now awakened and gave the alarm. Immediately a volley of shots roused and terrified every one on board. The cowardly crew, seeing that they were attacked by foreigners, escaped from the junk by jumping on shore and hiding themselves among the tall reeds. Meng-kee and Cut-sing resolutely stood at the entrance of the cabin, each with a revolver. They could not make out at first who their assailants were, imagining them to be Imperialists from a gunboat. If so, they were doomed men, as there was every evidence on board that they were adherents of the rebels, and on their way to the head-quarters at Nanking. Presently, after discharging their volley, the boarders rushed towards the cabin. The band, consisting of six foreigners, were headed by a tall lanky fellow, whose language indicated his nationality.

To the amazement of Meng-kee, the invading captain no sooner saw Cut-sing than he broke into a loud laugh, and addressed him in the foreign doggerel: "My savee you massa Jack, and Long Tom, two velly good man, all same blong Taiping pidgin. You savee my name, Cut-sing, long time hab pay you plenty dolla for powda, cap, gun. Spouse you now go Nanking, my go, my flind go, he chilo go, all same. What for you make plenty bobbery? All same flind blong you, you savee."

Upon this sally and explanation, Jack gave a long whistle, which Tom prolonged, and held his hand out to the Taiping emissary, ejaculating, "Well, this is a pretty go; here we've been agoing to fight our friends! Give us a shake of your flipper, my hearty, and say no more about it."

Cut-sing accepted the invitation which followed to go on board, as he knew his men well; but he excused Meng-kee from accompanying him as he had to see and bring the frightened boatmen back. When he got on board the vessel he was delighted to see the cargo the Yankee skipper had mentioned. In explanation, it must be stated that these men were smugglers of articles contraband of war prohibited by the foreign Maritimes Customs. They were renegades of all nations—English, American, German, Portuguese, and French—who thought it no crime to sell weapons and ammunition to the Tai-

plings. On the contrary, many of them excused the trade on the plea of propagating Christianity by the overthrow of the Imperialists, while at the same time they found it a lucrative trade. Not only did common sailors and others carry on the illegal traffic, but merchants at the treaty ports, calling themselves upright traders, found the ships and merchandise to carry it on.

SOME GLIMPSES INTO THE SUPPRESSED CONVENTS IN ROME.

BY MARY HOWITT.

II.—CONVENT OF SAN GREGORIO.

LYING on the pleasant slope of the Cælian Hill, a little beyond the Colosseum, and on the way to the Baths of Caracalla, stands the church and convent of San Gregorio. No spot in all Rome is more interesting to the British visitor.

A broad flight of steps leads up to the church from an open space planted by the French, where probably in the old Roman days grew one of the sacred groves with which this hill was covered. It was on these steps that Gregory the Great stood when St. Augustine and his fellow-missionaries, kneeling in the greensward below, received his parting benediction, as he sent them forth to preach the gospel in those remote isles whence the little children came who, exposed for sale as slaves in the Forum below, touched his heart, and called forth the memorable words, "*Non angli sed angeli.*"

In the church are preserved many relics of the saint—his bed, his marble chair, and the table at which he distributed alms to the poor. At a short distance are the ruined remains of the house of his mother, Santa Silvia, and the little garden in which as a child he played. The church contains many good pictures of his benevolent life and acts, he himself in every case represented as attended by a dove perched on his shoulder, which whispers in his ear, to indicate his implicit adherence to the guidance of the Holy Spirit. In the church are the monuments of two Englishmen—Sir Edward Carne, sent thither as ambassador by Henry VIII, and Robert Peckham, who died in Rome 1567. Here also, of late years, Cardinal Wiseman and Dr. Manning have distinguished themselves.

All this, however, belongs to the Catholic interests. Now it is destined, it is said, for sale: the vast convent and its gardens (the views from which are amongst the most remarkable in Rome), and shortly, probably, the ground will be purchased for building purposes.

THE CONVENT OF THE MINERVA.

The church of this convent is one of the most interesting in Rome. It was built in the fourteenth century on the ruins of a Temple of Minerva, and prides itself on being the only Gothic church in Rome; though to all those acquainted with northern Gothic, it is anything but satisfactory. Nevertheless, its various chapels are perfect treasuries of artistic and historic wealth.

It was to this church, on occasion of the mass of St. Thomas Aquinas, on Christmas Eve, that the magnificent procession, called that of the "White Mule," took place, until the time of Pius VI, who being too infirm himself to mount the mule, resigned

the place to his grand almoner, and followed himself in his magnificent coach. Since the days of the Italian rule this pompous show has, like all other outward signs of the Church's glory, been discontinued, though still the art-treasures remain.

Here lie, in their respective chapels, a great number of popes. The two Medician popes, Leo x and Clement vii, with many others, amongst them the terrible Paul iv, the supporter of the Inquisition, the patron of the Jesuits, the persecutor of the Jews, whom he shut up in the Ghetto; a pope so terrible to look upon that even Alva, it is said, who feared no man, trembled at his awful aspect. Besides popes here lie many cardinals, among others the English cardinal, Howard. Here, too, in a chapel consecrated to her, lies Catherine of Sienna, one of the most remarkable women who ever lived, apart from her ascetic and saintly character. And not less blameless in his life, and most lovely in his art, here lies Fra Angelico da Fiesole.

The Government, in taking possession of the Convent of the Minerva, became possessors of the *Bibliotheca Casanatensis*, the largest in Rome after that of the Vatican. The contents of this library, together with its mss., were so vast, and the new librarian, a Piedmontese, was so wholly unfamiliar with the books, that a certain number of the monks are still retained to act as assistant librarians.

The Cardinal Bishop of Frascati, who resided here, has gone to his episcopal palace at Frascati; and the Vicar-General of the order has put himself under the protection of France, as have also some of the professors and pupils of theology, waiting there probably till the days of restoration, which they all look forward to, shall come. The novices have retired to Malta.

This convent, the head-quarters of the Dominicans, has always been closely connected with the Inquisition. It was, therefore, into one of these very halls that Galileo, then seventy years of age, hurried from Florence in the depth of winter, was brought from the dungeons of the Inquisition, where he had been tortured, for trial before ten cardinals, at the head of whom sat a Borgia. Weak and feeble from age, but still more from the agony of torture, here it was that he abjured on his knees "the accursed, heretical, and detestable doctrine" which he was charged with enunciating; then, having received absolution, and slowly rising from his cramped and feeble knees, he said, as if to console himself for the sin against his conscience, which had been forced upon him, "*E pur si muove.*"

CHURCH AND CONVENT OF ST. ONOFRIO.

The last of the closed conventual houses which we will notice is that of St. Onofrio, on the Janiculum, and near to St. Peter's, because it possesses a peculiar interest as the scene of the death and burial of the poet Tasso.

This convent stands in a commanding eminence, having opposite to it the great dome of St. Peter's, and the huge, square bulk of the Vatican. Upward, in the other direction, ascend the slopes of the Janiculum, with their solemn stone-pines. From the platform in front you have one of the most striking views of Rome, with all its domes and towers and lofty roofs of palaces. Beyond extends the Campagna, seen over the wooded heights of the Pincio, with its distant boundary of snow-covered mountains. Behind the convent extends a garden of several acres,

which has soil of a wonderful depth and richness, and where the monks used to cultivate abundance of the finest vegetables.

At the upper end of it stands on a mound the ancient remains of the oak called Tasso's Oak. It is hollow, but retains a vigorous head. Below lies an amphitheatre, the seats of which are now overgrown with grass, but where formerly St. Philip Neri used to teach his scholars, and where afterwards used to meet the Academy of the Arcadians, an æsthetic society still existing, and which had its origin in an academy established by Queen Christine of Sweden, for the discussion of literary and scientific subjects, when she lived in the Corsini Palace just below.

In the church of this convent, dedicated to St. Onofrio, though the convent itself belonged to the Jeronimites, or followers of St. Jerome, the remains of Tasso were buried, as well as those of the poet Alessandro Guidi, the great linguist, Cardinal Mezzofanti, and other distinguished persons. The church and convent contain some paintings of merit by Domenichino, Annibale Caracci, Leonardo da Vinci, and others. The walls of a cloister between the church are covered with frescoes of the life and adventures of St. Onofrio.

But the great interest of the place consists in its having been the abode of Tasso in his last days. In the winter of 1594, the poet—not old, but ill in body and weary at heart—arrived in Rome to be crowned as poet-laureate in the Capitol. But as it was then November, and the weather cold, it was decided to defer the crowning till spring. In the meantime, his health failing still more, he removed to the Convent of St. Onofrio to pass his time in peace and in devotion. He expressed his belief that his end was near when he entered the convent, and on the 25th of April, the eve of the day appointed for his coronation, he expired.

So long as the convent remained in the hands of the monks no ladies were admitted to see the room in which Tasso laid and died, because it is within the house, excepting on the anniversary of his death, when a sort of festival was held in his honour. Now, however, that the brethren of St. Jerome are expelled, the place is open to all, at all times, and no fee expected.

Entering the room occupied by Tasso, you are struck by a fresco painting of the poet on the wall, the size of life and in its true costume, so remarkably well done that it is quite startling. The room contains a few pieces of simple furniture, a few chairs, and a small desk, all used by Tasso, together with an autograph letter, considerably decayed, framed and hanging on the wall. A bust stands in the centre in a glass case, the face of which is a waxen mask taken from him after death. On shelves, behind a glass front, are preserved his crucifix, inkstand, and a few other personal belongings. On another is placed the leaden coffin which contained his bones, the bones being left in the tomb and the coffin placed there, as an inscription states, by the munificence of Pio Nono. It strikes us, however, that the truest munificence would have been to leave both bones and coffin entombed in the church. But everything must be made a relic by the Roman Catholics. We will hope, however, that the Italians will restore the coffin, and a memorial-stone which belongs to the old tomb, but is now reared against a chair, to their proper place.

There were only fifteen monks in the house at the time of its suppression, and two are allowed to remain there still, though a young layman is located there to show the place till it is sold.

No one can tell what will be the fate of this interesting old house, as it will be sold by auction before long. Perhaps it will be converted with its ample garden into a mass of houses. Let us, however, hope that the Government will preserve intact the memorials of Tasso, both in house and garden, and that the public may still have access to both, not only for the sake of the sorrowful, noble life which was closed here, but for the magnificent view which is afforded.

Although the uprooting, or unearthing, so to speak, of the inmates of these ancient religious houses seems to have taken place with no outward excitement, no demonstration of suffering or reluctance, yet it does not require much imagination to picture the tumult of varied emotion which it called forth, and few hearts are so devoid of sympathy as not to feel compassion for the many to whom it was a violent wrench out of old habits of life and an outrage to their religious feelings.

On November 11th, three hundred and fifty tickets of lodgings were distributed amongst the then homeless members of various religious orders; and for some time forlorn bands of monks and nuns might be seen going to and fro like birds driven from their old accustomed roosting-places, and knowing not where to find shelter.

The Vatican, it is said, provided a certain amount of money for this purpose. The younger Barnabites found a refuge in a house belonging to Count Annibale, for which they paid two hundred *liri* a month. The Procurator-General of the Jesuits was received by Monsignor Ferrari at the Villa Strozzi in Rome. This is a small villa once standing in ample old gardens, now hemmed in by the streets of that new Rome which has sprung up since the Italians entered. On its front the fact is commemorated by a marble tablet that there Alfieri resided for some time, and wrote many poems, together with the tragedies of *Merope* and *Saul*. Also from an upper window of one of the side fronts a large piece of tapestry is hung in the style of Italian festivity: it appears, at least, an excellent imitation of what was real some century or so ago, when a pope, visiting the villa, looked through the window, and henceforth sanctified it to all time. From that day the window has been closed in its extreme holiness, and the tapestry, decayed by time, has been replaced by a splendid imitation.

Other dignified heads of houses have found refuge with various Catholic princes—Massimi, Torlonia, and others, some of whom, it is said, have opened some of many residences to the undistinguished homeless throng, so that, under these circumstances, the change of quarters, and the new and freer life, have been found—at least, by the younger men—anything but disagreeable.

Amongst the melancholy incidents of the suppression which have come to light may be mentioned the suicide of two novice friars, who not having taken full orders had no claim on the Government for pensions. One of these had given up a considerable property to the religious order he was about to enter, and so, in a state of despair, hanged himself; the other threw himself from a window.

It must be acknowledged, however, that the proceeding of the Italian Government in this great measure of national reform has been both merciful and considerate. It has been done with the unhesitating resolution which was necessary, but without either harshness or rigour, and with a life-long provision made for every man and woman who has been turned adrift; small provision it is true, but sufficient, supposing, as appears to be generally the case, that the little respective bands keep together, and as much as may be adhere to their old habits.

Very different is all this to the abrupt and absolute method by which our Henry VIII took possession of the conventual houses in England, turning out the monks and nuns without any provision for the future. What became of the nuns does not appear so clear, but the sturdy monks, we are told, took to the highways, and lived by robbery and murder, until, seized by stronger power than themselves, they ended their days, thousands of them, on the gallows.

In the meantime, the authorities of the Vatican, under the plea that as the Italian Government has seized upon the convents, it will next seize upon the churches, have ordered that all valuable relics from the various churches shall be removed to the Vatican, where a sacred museum of holy relics is to be formed, the Pope himself having promised to perform a mass over them.

As yet, however, it is probable that the Government has no idea of interfering with the churches, although it has been suggested by some of the more liberal papers that one or two of the large churches, well situated for the purpose, would be much more useful if fitted up as public libraries.

CONVENT LIBRARIES.

One of the good results of the suppression of the religious houses will be the collection of all their libraries into one for the use of the public. Many books and manuscripts have, it is well known, been carried off by the Jesuits and others, but there still remains a vast number.

The Italian Government has a grand plan of uniting the libraries of the Collegio Romano and the Casanatense, in the Minerva, into one, including the Kircher Museum. A viaduct is talked of to unite the Casanatense with the Kircher Museum, with entrances from the Via St. Ignazio and the garden. Copies of all the books in the convent libraries that are not in these united libraries will be sent there, and all authors and publishers will be obliged to supply copies of their works as they do in England to the British Museum and the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge.

From what appears to be accurate information regarding the various libraries in the convents of Rome, we learn that the Casanatense, in the Minerva, possesses 200,000 printed volumes, and upwards of 300,000 valuable manuscripts. The Angelican Library, in the Augustinian convent, has about 150,500 printed volumes, and 2,945 mss. Calculating, therefore, that in other important libraries there may be 400,000, with 5,000 mss., we shall have in the various convents in and near Rome about 700,000 volumes, and 307,945 mss. This would necessitate a most ample space for their accommodation, and a well qualified staff of librarians and custodians for their preservation, and for making them fully accessible to the reading public that will need to avail itself of this vast supply of intelligence.

NATURAL HISTORY ANECDOTES.

A MUSICAL DOG.

A SMALL dog of ours, a sort of terrier, is able to distinguish a particular tune. I happened to play the same tune for some time, and he was at first taught to dance it, receiving a piece of bread as a reward, but now he seems to enjoy the pleasure of keeping time to the music with his little hind paws, while he licks the hands of the person holding him. He often lies apparently asleep in the room while I play anything else, but at the first notes of his tune, he pricks up his ears and begs to be held up to dance. The same result has often happened when he has been asleep in a distant part of the house. Sometimes when I sit down to the piano and do not play his *morceau*, he whines until I indulge him.

I read the other day, in a back number of the "Leisure Hour," that no notice of music had been observed in cats, but I have seen a cat greatly affected by music, although I could not make out whether the sound was painful or pleasant to the animal. When I played on a concertina, it jumped on my knee and caught hold of the instrument with its paws, mewing all the time. Singing also affected it in the same way, for when I sang it mewed and put its paws to my mouth.

THE SHEEP-STEALER AND HIS DOG.

In a remote district of the Highlands, a good many years ago, the farmers were much annoyed by their sheep being stolen. Before retiring for the night, they would walk over their fields and count the number, but on going in the morning would frequently find one or two of the finest missing. Men would therefore sit up in hiding during the night and watch, but the thief, whoever he was, never appeared on these occasions. As soon, however, as this was given up, the depredations were again renewed with fresh vigour.

Suspicion had for a long time rested on a man who lived about three miles off, and who carried on business as a sort of sheep-dealer, supplying the butcher in a village at some distance. This man had, besides his cottage, a rude sheep-station on an unfrequented part of a hill near. Nothing, however, could be proved against him.

One of those who suffered most was a Mr. I—, and he had made most strenuous, though fruitless, exertions to find the thief. At last, one Sunday morning he happened to awake about half-past three; the light was already coming in, so he got up, dressed, and went out for a stroll. He walked in the direction of his sheep-fields, and had just reached a wood, which overlooked a pretty extensive one, when he saw a man, accompanied by a collie, walking along a path which ran along the foot of the field. He was rather surprised at seeing another early riser, and accordingly lay down among some furze and watched. He saw the man, whom he recognised as the suspected dealer, stop opposite various sheep and look intently at them. His dog did the same, and then looked up in his master's face with a knowing expression. The farmer noticed that the animals which were thus looked at were the finest in his flock.

His suspicions were now thoroughly aroused, and he resolved to say nothing to any one, but to return quietly the next night and watch. Accordingly he did so, and saw the dog come up, select the very sheep pointed out, and drive them by an unfrequented path to his master's station. It must be remembered that in the Highlands the fields are not fenced in as they are with us, a low wall or "dyke" being generally the only division.

The man was tried and convicted. He confessed that he had stolen large numbers of sheep in this way, and said that his dog would never go out when there was any danger of discovery, and that he could only account for his going out on the night when he was followed by the extreme quietness which Mr. I— had preserved.

The poor animal, however, fell a victim to his evil practices, as it was thought dangerous to allow a dog accustomed to such habits to live.

W. R.

THE TWO DOG FRIENDS.

In a farm not very many miles from Edinburgh there dwelt two collies. The affection of these animals for one another was something extraordinary. They worked, ate, and slept together, and could almost never be separated. At last one was taken ill. Nothing could exceed the solicitude of his friend; he would seldom leave his side, showing his affection in a hundred different ways.

It was deemed best by the farmer to give the sick animal a different and plainer kind of food than what he had been formerly accustomed to. His companion did not like this plan, and seemed to think that his friend was being starved. He regularly ran off with a large portion of his own dinner to his companion, and testified his disapprobation by pushing the other plate out of the way, while the sick dog would try and eat part of that brought, as if not to hurt the feelings of the other.

At length the poor creature died, and was buried at the top of a hill overlooking the farm. The other was in great distress, and when no one was watching, went and scraped up his dead favourite. The dog was again buried much deeper down, and heavy stones laid all round. The poor survivor went there day after day, and sat howling mournfully. Again and again he was removed, but still always returned. He would eat no food, and seemed utterly broken-hearted, until, at last, one day he was found lying dead on the grave.

W. R.

THE STORY OF A ROVER.

The Rev. P. Leman Page, when curate of Burgh, had a very beautiful liver-and-white-coloured setter, which, at a year old, accompanied him to Yarmouth, a distance of seven miles. After about half an hour, my father, concluding the dog would not lose sight of the horse, left the town to return home; when he passed the drawbridge, not seeing Rover, he whistled and called him, but no Rover appeared. My father went back into the town, but sought him in vain. He then wrote a description of the dog, offering a reward for his recovery, and gave it with the accustomed fee to the town-crier, but in vain. Two years after, the rector coming into residence, my father took a

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house at Pakefield; he had only been there about a fortnight when a wine-ship stranded at the bottom of the garden; all on board perished except the mate, who was saved by a dog; eleven men were drowned.

Going through the Lowestoft turnpike gate on the Sunday to his distant church, my father observed a dog which reminded him of Rover. "Where did you get that dog?" he said to the gate-keeper. "He is mine," replied the man, rather surlily. "I do not know that; I lost a young dog two years ago like him." "He is an old dog; his teeth are all decayed," said the man. My father looked into his mouth, and said, "No, they are not decayed, but broken by carrying things; to-morrow I will bring Mrs. Page, and if she claims the dog I must have him." "You may bring the lady if you please, but the dog is mine," said the man; "he was given to me." On the morrow Mr. Page drove his wife to the toll-gate. "He is not our dog, Page," said my mother, who was very timid with strange dogs. "Look at him attentively, my dear, call him Rover." "His name is Captain," said the man. "Rover, Rover, Rover!" said my mother. The dog stood astounded; he ran round and round the room, he barked, whined, and howled with joy. "It is the lady's dog," said the man, "and I give him up. Now I will tell you his history, sir. He was stolen from a clergyman at Yarmouth by some boys belonging to a collier, who were pleased with his fetching and carrying out of the sea; they hid him on board until their boat sailed for Newcastle. The collier was wrecked near Newcastle; all on board perished excepting the mate, who was saved by the dog, who saved a cat also, which had lost her kittens on board. The two sorrowing animals formed a friendship for each other; they were together nearly two years at Newcastle, and the dog went about the town by the name of 'the melancholy dog,' keeping with the mate and the cat. The dog watched the ship, and finding they were going to sea without him, took puss in his mouth and swam to the ship. Strange to say, the collier foundered, and all on board perished except the dog, who saved the mate a second time. They were taken on board a wine-ship, which was stranded at the bottom of your garden, sir. The cat was drowned, and the dog goes often to the beach and howls for the cat. The mate gave him to me, but he has claimed his mistress, and I give him up." The story seemed incredible, but my father had the dog.

Rover rode home with his paws on his mistress's shoulders, and her arms round him. On arriving home Mrs. Page opened her harpsichord, and Rover jumped on the top and howled as he used to do, neither did he forget the little piece of wood kept in the table-drawer for him to play at "fetch and carry" with his mistress. He never cordially forgave his master for losing him, for he never would follow the horse again, nor yet my father beyond the garden-gate unless my mother was with him. Rover was very gentle with us children, but his heart was decidedly riveted on my mother. c.

TIGER TASTING BLOOD.

The famous Charles James Fox had a young tiger which followed him about like a dog. He had brought it up from infancy on bread and milk. One day, when reading, the tiger licked his hand, which was hanging over the chair, scraping away the skin. This led him to look at his pet, when he

saw to his horror its eyes glaring, its whole nature changed, and its natural ferocity and cruelty aroused at the first taste of blood. Without taking his hand from the tiger's mouth, notwithstanding the increase of pain and the flowing blood, he led it with gentle words into the adjoining room, on the mantelpiece of which was a loaded pistol, which he seized, levelled at the tiger's head, and fired. The animal instantly fell dead at his feet, being shot through the brain. It was the only way to save his own life.

YOUNG OTTERS AND THEIR MOTHER.

The female otter produces four or five at a birth, in May or June, in a burrow under a hollow bank, which opens near the water's edge, and on a bed of rushes, flags, and leaves, or such other abundant material as the bank affords. Here the young otters are reared, a most careful attention being paid to their daily wants and their education by their most affectionate mother. When first born, the young otters are about the size of a full-grown rat. In about a month's time they are able to eat fish, and follow their mother into the water, which they do at first like a dog, with the head above the water. She now takes them daily to the edge of the water, and teaches them to plunge in, giving them lessons in the art of diving, and in about three weeks' time they are able, like their mother, to "take a header" from the shore.

Bishop Heber, in his journal, gives a most interesting description of tame otters which he saw on the banks of the Matta Colly, in India. Most of the fishermen there kept them, being as tame as dogs, and of great use to their masters, sometimes driving the shoals of fish into the nets, and sometimes bringing out larger fish with their teeth. In Scotland, tame otters have often been trained to drive or to catch trout and salmon. Instead of hunting these poor animals for cruel "sport," they might be taught to be useful allies to man, and a fisherman's otter might become as serviceable as a shepherd's colly.—(*"Animals and their Young."* Partridge and Co.)

Sonnets of the Sacred Year.

BY THE REV. S. J. STONE, M.A.

NINETEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

"Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God, whereby ye are sealed unto the day of redemption."—Eph. iv. 30.

Cf. "Quench not the Spirit."—1 Thess. v. 19.

MY covenant lamp was lit with heavenly fire,
And through the night of trial and of time,
Against the dark of trouble or of crime,
It streams with cheering or convicting ray,
And evermore shall shine until the Day
Whereof it is mine earnest. Till that prime,
Through this the shadowy to the auroral clime,
So lightened, warned, I keep my constant way.
In vain about it blow in varying mood
The winds of guile or passion, or descend
The rains of evil will, to make an end,
Distilled in subtle dews or poured in flood.
Yet watch, my soul, for if it cease to shine,
Thine the neglect, the fatal folly thine!

Varieties.

HOME AFTER A PLEASANT TOUR.—I fancy how delightful it would be to bring one's family and live here (on the Lake of Como), but how little such enjoyment would repay for abandoning the line of usefulness and activity which I have in England, and how the living merely to look about me, and training up my children in the same way, would soon make all this beauty pall, and even appear wearisome. But to see it as we do in our moments of recreation, to strengthen us for work to come, and to gild with beautiful recollections our daily life of home duties, this, indeed, is delightful, and a pleasure which we may enjoy without restraint. England has other destinies than these countries; her people have more required of them, with her full intelligence, her restless activity, her enormous means, and enormous difficulties; her pure religion and unchecked freedom, her form of society, with so much of evil yet so much of good in it, and such immense power conferred by it;—her citizens, least of all men, should think of their own rest or enjoyment, but should cherish every faculty and improve every opportunity to the uttermost to do good to themselves and to the world. Our country, so entirely subdued as it is to man's uses, with its gentle hills and valleys, its innumerable canals and coaches, is best suited as an instrument of usefulness.—*Dr. Arnold, 1830.*

PARIS IN SIEGE.—In the course of my life Paris has been twice occupied by foreign troops, and still oftener has it been in a state of anarchy. I regret to see that La Place's house at Arcueil has been broken into, and his manuscripts thrown into the river, from which some one has fortunately rescued that of the "Mécanique Céleste," which is in his own handwriting. It is greatly to the honour of French men of science, that during the siege they met as usual in the hall of the Institute, and read their papers as in the time of peace. The celebrated astronomer Janssen even escaped in a balloon, that he might arrive in time to observe the eclipse of the 22nd November, 1870.—*Autobiography of Mary Somerville.*

MAJENDIE AND SIR C. BELL.—Majendie had the coarsest manners; his conversation was horribly professional; many things were said and subjects discussed not fit for women to hear. What a contrast the refined and amiable Sir Charles Bell formed with Majendie! Majendie and the French school of anatomy made themselves odious by their cruelty, and failed to prove the true anatomy of the brain and nerves, while Sir Charles Bell did succeed, and thus made one of the greatest physiological discoveries of the age without torturing animals, which his gentle and kindly nature abhorred.—*Mary Somerville.*

LAST REGRETS.—Though far advanced in years, I take as lively an interest as ever in passing events. I regret that I shall not live to know the result of the expedition to determine the currents of the ocean, the distance of the earth from the sun determined by the transit of Venus, and the source of the most renowned of rivers, the discovery of which will immortalise the name of Dr. Livingstone. But I regret most of all that I shall not see the suppression of the most atrocious system of slavery that ever disgraced humanity—that made known to the world by Dr. Livingstone and by Mr. Stanley, and which Sir Bartle Frere has gone to suppress by order of the British Government.—*Mary Somerville at the age of 92.*

DIFFICULTIES OF A FRENCH PROVINCIAL MAYOR.—How shall M. Piedplat give the President an enthusiastic reception worthy of a zealous mayor and of a well-thinking city? He is in pitiful anguish on the subject. M. Piedplat hurriedly dictates a circular convoking the town councillors to meet him at three o'clock, and then shirks up to one of the lumber rooms of the town hall, and overhauls the works of art and decorative emblems there amassed. It is a notable room, full of busts, statuettes, and paintings. There is a stone head of Louis Philippe, and a picture showing his Majesty in the uniform of a National Guardsman, with white pantaloons, swearing fidelity to the charter of 1830. Hard by is a plaster bust of Charles x, with a painting of the coronation of this good king at Rheims; then comes a dusty statuette of the Republic, with seven portrait-prints of the members of the Provisional Government of 1848; then marble busts of Napoleon III and the Empress Eugénie, the former with a head laurel-girt and eyes staring blankly at a bust of M. Thiers; a photograph of M. Gambetta, a bundle of égalitérian triangles in brass, a sheaf of red flags,

an escentheon emblazoned "Vive la République!" and an allegorical painting of "La Marseillaise"—to wit, a brawny and heated woman trampling fetters, Bourbon lilies, Orleanist cocks, Imperial eagles, and Prussian helmets under her feet. M. Piedplat rummages among all these treasures, but groans to perceive that there is nothing likely to fit in with the views of the Marshal. It should be stated that the municipal councillors, after voting funds for the marble bust of M. Thiers, refused with unexampled parsimony to vote a bust for the Marshal on the ground that there was no knowing how long this champion of moral order might hold his place. Yet it is absolutely necessary that some presentment of the Marshal should figure in the state room of the Mairie when his Excellency steps in there; so M. Piedplat, with thumping heart and agitated brow, scrambles down the staircase two steps at a time, and takes counsel of Madame Piedplat:—"My dear, we must ransack the town for a painting or bust of the Marshal—a mere engraving would be mean—we must find something striking, my red riband depends upon it." But Madame Piedplat, a shrewd lady, has a luminous inspiration:—"We have three days before us—we must telegraph to a picture dealer in Paris for a full-length equestrian portrait of the Marshal, and a painting of the battle of Magenta. He will be sure to have some in stock, or he can borrow the pictures, and we will take them on hire, which is cheaper than buying."—*Daily News.*

POSSIBILITY OF MIRACLE.—From the preceding reviews of the value of our scientific knowledge, I draw one distinct conclusion, that we cannot disprove the possibility of divine interference in the course of nature. Such interference might arise, so far as our knowledge extends, in two ways. It might consist in the disclosure of the existence of some agent or spring of energy previously unknown, but which effects a given purpose at a given moment. Like the pre-arranged change of law in Babbage's imaginary calculating machine, there may exist pre-arranged surprises in the order of nature as it presents itself to us. Secondly, the same Power which created material nature, might, so far as I can see, create additions to it, or annihilate portions which do exist. Such events are doubtless inconceivable to us in a certain sense, yet they are no more inconceivable than the existence of the world as it is.—*Jeavons's "Principles of Science."*

JESUIT FATHERS AT PLAY.—A singular discovery was recently made at the Sainte Geneviève Library, at Paris. In a portfolio, containing several manuscripts, has been found the original copy of the opera "Jonathas," which Charpentier, the author of the music of Molière's "Malade Imaginaire," had composed for the establishment of the Jesuits, then situated on the spot where the Collège Louis-le-Grand now stands. This piece, of but little value as a composition, serves to distinctly mark the period when profane music was introduced into churches in France in conjunction with sacred. The reverend fathers caused "Jonathas" to be played in their theatre (for they had one), and their actors, those of the Académie Royale de Musique, had only to doff their stage costume and traverse a passage to go and execute motetts in the church.

"BE COURTEOUS."—Not long since, while crossing the river to Jersey City, I noticed an old lady, neatly but humbly dressed, who was attended by a young gentlewoman. That she was, though her dress indicated one who could scarcely be in comfortable circumstances in life. The younger woman carried a basket of considerable size, while the elder had a bundle and a cane. She was quite lame and walked slowly. The thought crossed my mind as I glanced at them, "That woman is blessed with a kind and loving daughter or niece." I passed from the boat in advance of them, and took my seat in a horse-car. Presently the couple came to the same car, and after seating comfortably the elder lady and disposing of her basket, the younger bade her a kind good-by and went away. The old lady's eyes were full, and her heart too. Turning to me she said, "That's what I call Christian courtesy. That girl is an entire stranger to me, yet has come all the way from the Eighth Avenue cars with me to carry my basket, and would not even let me pay her fare." I then recalled her quiet, happy expression. I believe I should know her again, here or hereafter, and I most strongly believe that if she lives to old age she will not be comfortless or cheerless.—*Christian Weekly.*

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